

*The Bookshelf*Intelligence Work:  
An Expert Appraisal

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"Gentlemen," said Secretary of State Henry L. Stimson in 1929, "do not read each other's mail." And with these words he shut down the only United States operation designed to crack the codes of foreign diplomatic services which was functioning at the time. This anecdote is worth recalling as an echo of a far distant American age of innocence, when international relations were supposed to be carried on according to the etiquette of a high-class social club.

In the intervening years America has experienced a good deal and learned something. It is now pretty clear to anyone who gives the matter any thought that, without an able and extensive intelligence service, those responsible for carrying on America's foreign policy would be as helpless as a blind driver in the rush hour of metropolitan traffic.

No one in America is better qualified to give a definitive appraisal of the Government intelligence service than Allen Dulles, brother of the late John Foster Dulles. Allen Dulles recently retired after ten years' service in the Central Intelligence Agency, eight as director of that organization. And his book, "The Craft of Intelligence" is likely to acquire permanent status as a classic in its field.

Mr. Dulles grew up in a family atmosphere conducive to interest in international affairs. He served a long apprenticeship in diplomacy and intelligence work, combined with a distinguished career as a lawyer, before he was appointed head of the CIA. Stationed in Switzerland as OSS representative during World War II, he matched wits with Nazi agents and maintained contact with representatives of the German underground opposition to Hitler. It was not his fault that these contacts did not lead to more positive political results.

**Like a Chess Game.**

Like others familiar with the realities of the subject, Mr. Dulles is quick to debunk the popular idea that intelligence work is primarily a matter of spectacular cloak-and-dagger adventures in hostile territory. It is more like a chess game of indefinite duration, in which the winning side is the one best able to absorb, assimilate and make use of a vast amount of information, some collected from secret agents, but much derived from careful news analysis, from methodical searching through the columns of foreign publications and similar unglamorous activities.

"In building an intelligence service," writes Mr. Dulles, "it is clear that one needs a variety of people: The wise and discriminating analyzer and collator of the raw intelligence collected from all the quarters of the globe; the technicians to help produce, marshal and monitor all the scientific tools of intelligence collection; the staff officers, case officers, and others who handle the proper channels the over-all search for intelligence. Each of these varied tasks requires high skills and careful training."

It is one of the occupational risks of an intelligence service that it is usually forbidden by the rules of the game to trumpet its successes. Failures of one kind or another, on the other hand, are apt to come into public view and excite critical comment. The author takes issue with the widely accepted view that intelligence activity should always be officially denied.

He believes that Eisenhower was right in assuming responsibility for the U-2 flights and that Kennedy followed the correct course in taking the blame for the Bay of Pigs fiasco. He repudiates as a myth the view that Khrushchev was shocked or surprised by the shooting down of the U-2 plane and describes the Soviet Premier's demonstration of rage at the abortive Paris conference as "feigned for a purpose."

It is interesting to learn from such a responsible and well informed source as Mr. Dulles that the Soviets had over 40 high level agents in various departments and agencies in Washington during World War II. "At least," he adds, "this number was uncovered; we do not know how many remained undetected." This testimony should be borne in mind by those who are inclined to dismiss as "McCarthyism" the idea that there was serious infiltration of the U.S. Government apparatus by Communist spies in the indulgent atmosphere of the Roosevelt Administration.

There are interesting reflections, accompanied by illustrative anecdotes, on the constant tug-of-war between Soviet and American secret agents. The author finds the typical Soviet intelligence officer blindly and unquestioningly devoted to the cause, at least at the outset, hardened in the faith that any means necessary to advance the cause of communism are justified.

**Murders in Mexico, Munich**

The history of Soviet secret service operations, abroad as at home, is thickly strewn with the corpses of its victims, from Leon Trotsky, struck down in his Mexican refuge, to the more recent killing in Munich of two obscure Ukrainian nationalists by means of a cyanide spray, which would create the impression that death had been the result of a heart attack. For one of these Munich murderers, a confessed assassin who later passed over to the West, reports that he received a fine banquet, for the second, the Order of the Red Banner.

The author goes into the interesting question of how the powerful Soviet central espionage agency, the KGB, recruits foreign agents and lists these as fanatics, people who want money, people with grievances and frustrated ambitions, with unhappy domestic lives—neurotics, homosexuals and alcoholics.

Mr. Dulles cites a former Polish spy, who defected, as authority for the statement that Americans talk too much and too loosely, thereby easing the task of the foreign intelligence operative. He also mentions "cranks and crackpots" as unconscious agents of Soviet sabotage, since they sometimes distract CIA attention from important pursuits with wild tales inspired by paranoid obsessions or neurotic grudges.

The former director of the CIA has crowned a career of public service with this vivid, lucid, balanced picture of what modern intelligence work does and does not involve, enriched by many anecdotes from a large store of experience in the work of secret agents, and frequently lightened by touches of humor.

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN  
The Craft of Intelligence. By Allen Dulles.  
Harper & Row, 277 pages, \$4.95.